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T H E

History of the

T W O S H O E M A K E R S .

P A R T I I .



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THE PROVERBS OF
SOLOMON

CHAPTER I
The words of Solomon the king of Israel
who was wise above all men of his time
his words were written down
by the scribes of his court
in the third year of his reign
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his words were written down
by the scribes of his court
in the third year of his reign

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TWO SHOEMAKERS.

HE knew he owed his present happy situation to the kindness of the creditors. But did he grow easy and careless because he knew he had such friends? No indeed. He worked with double diligence in order to get out of debt, and to let these friends see he did not abuse their kindness. Such behaviour as this is the greatest encouragement in the world to rich people to lend a little money.

His shoes and boots were made in the best manner, this *got* him business, he set out with a rule to tell no lies and deceive no customers; this *secured* his business. He had two reasons for not promising to send home goods when he knew he should not be able to keep his

word. The first, because he knew a lie was a sin, the next, because it was a folly. There is no credit sooner worn out than that which is got by false pretences. After a little while no one is deceived by them. Falseness is so soon found out that I believe most tradesmen are the poorer for it in the long run. Deceit is the worst part of a shopkeeper's stock in trade.

James was now at the head of a family. "This is a serious situation," (said he to himself, one fine summer's evening, as he stood leaning over the half door of his shop to enjoy a little fresh air) "I am now master of a family. My cares are doubled and so are my duties. I see the higher one gets in life the more one has to answer for. Let me now call to mind the sorrow I used to feel when I was made to carry work home on a Sunday by an ungodly master.

So what his heart found right to do he resolved to do quickly ; and he set out at first as he meant to go on. The Sunday

was truly a day of rest at Mr. Stock's. He would not allow a pair of shoes to be given out on that day to oblige the best customer he had. And what did he loose by it? Why nothing. For when people were once used to it, they liked Saturday night just as well. But had it been otherwise he would have given up his gains to his conscience.

*Shewing how Mr. Stock behaved to
his APPRENTICES.*

When he got up in the world so far as to have apprentices, he thought himself as accountable for their behaviour as if they had been his children. He was very kind to them, and had a cheerful merry way of talking to them, so that the lads who had seen much of swearing reprobate masters, were very fond of him. They were never afraid of speaking to him, they told him all their little troubles, and considered their master as their best friend, for they said they would do any thing for a good word and a kind look. As he did not

swear at them when they had been guilty of a fault, they did not lie to him to conceal it, and thereby make one fault two. But though he was very kind, he was very watchful also, for he did not think neglect any part of kindness. He brought them to one pretty method, which was, of a Sunday evening to divert themselves with writing out half a dozen texts of Scripture in a pretty copy book with gilt covers. You may have the same at any of the Stationer's; they do not cost above elevenpence, and will last nearly a year.

When the boys carried him their books, he justly commended him whose texts were written in the fairest hand. "And now my boys," said he, "let us see which of you will learn your texts best in the course of the week; he who does shall chuse for next Sunday." Thus the boys soon got many psalms and chapters by heart, almost without knowing how they came by them. He taught them how to make a practical use of what they learnt; "for," said he, "it

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will answer little purpose to learn texts if we do not try to live up to them." One of the boys being apt to play in his absence, and to run back again to his work when he heard his masters step, he brought him to a sense of his fault by the last Sunday's texts, which happened to be the 6th of Ephesians. He shewed him what was meant by being "obedient to his master in singleness of heart as unto Christ," and explained to him with so much kindness what it was, "not to work with eye service as men pleasers, but doing the will of God from the heart," that the lad said he should never forget it, and it did more towards curing him of idleness than the foundest horse-whipping would have done.

How Mr. Stock got out of debt.

Stock's behaviour was very regular, and he was much beloved for his kind and peaceable temper. He had also a good reputation for skill in his trade, and his industry was talked of through the whole town, so that he had soon more

work than he could possibly do. He paid all his dealers to the very day, and took care to carry his interest money to the creditors the moment it became due. In two or three years he was able to begin to pay off a small part of the principal. His reason for being so eager to pay money as soon as it became due was this. He had observed tradesmen, and especially his old master, put off the day of payment as long as they could, even though they had the means in their power. This deceived them. For having money in their pockets they forgot it belonged to the creditor, and not to themselves, and so got to fancy they were rich when they were really poor. This false notion led them to indulge in idle expences, whereas, if they had paid regularly they would have had this one temptation the less. A young tradesman, when he is going to spend money, should at least ask himself whether this money is his own or his creditors. This little question might help to prevent many a bankruptcy.

A true Christian always goes heartily to work to find out what is his besetting sin ; and when he has found it, (which he easily may if he looks sharp) against this sin he watches narrowly. Now I know it is the fashion among some folks (and a bad fashion it is) to fancy that good people have no sin ; but this only shews their ignorance. It is not true. That good man St. Paul knew better. And when men do not own their sins, it is not because there is no sin in their hearts, but because they are not anxious to search for it, nor humble to confess it, nor penitent to mourn over it. But this was not the case with James Stock. "Examine yourselves truly," said he, "is no bad part of the catechism." He began to be afraid that his desire of living creditably and without being a burthen to any one, might, under the mask of honesty and independence lead him into pride and covetousness. He feared that the bias of his heart lay that way. So instead of being proud of his sobriety ; instead of bragging that he never spent his money idly, nor went

to the alehouse : instead of boasting how hard he worked, and how he denied himself, he strove in secret that even these good qualities might not grow out of a wrong root. The following event was of use to him in this way.

One evening as he was standing at the door of his shop, a poor dirty boy without stockings and shoes came up and asked him for a bit of broken victuals, for he had eaten nothing all day. In spite of his dirt and rags he was a very pretty, lively, civil spoken boy, and Mr. Stock could not help thinking he knew something of his face. He fetched him out a good piece of bread and cheese, and while the boy was devouring it, asked him if he had no parents, and why he went about in that vagabond manner ? " Daddy has been dead some years," said the boy, " he died in a fit over at the Greyhound. Mammy says he used to live at this shop, and then we did not want for clothes nor victuals neither." Stock was melted almost tears on finding that this dirty beggar boy was Tommy

Williams, the son of his old master. He blessed God on comparing his own happy condition with that of this poor destitute child, but he was not proud at the comparison, and while he was thankful for his own prosperity, he pitied the helpless boy.—“Where have you been living of late,” said he to him? “for I understand you all went home to your mother’s friends.” “So we did Sir,” said the boy, “but they are grown tired of maintaining us, because they said that Mammy spent all the money which should have gone to buy victuals for us, on snuff and drams. And so they have sent us back to this place, which is Daddy’s parish.”

“And where do you live here?” said Mr. Stock. “O Sir, we are all put in the parish poor-house.”—“And does your mother do any thing to help to maintain you?” “No, Sir, for Mammy says she was not brought up to work like poor folks, and she would rather starve than spin or knit; so she lies a bed all the morning, and sends us about to pick

up what we can, a bit of victuals, or a few half-pence." "And have you any money in your pocket now?" "Yes, Sir, I have got three half-pence which I have begged to day." "Then, as you were so very hungry, how came you not to buy a roll at that baker's over the way?" "Because, Sir, I was going to lay it out in tea for Mammy, for I never lay out a farthing for myself. Indeed Mammy says she will have her tea twice a day if we beg or starve for it." "Can you read my boy?" said Mr. Stock. "A little, Sir, and say my prayers too." "And can you say your catechism?" "I have almost forgot it all, Sir, though I remember about honouring my father and mother, and that makes me still carry the half-pence home to Mammy instead of buying cakes." "Who taught you these good things?" "One Jemmy Stock, Sir, who was parish 'prentice to my Daddy. He taught me one question out of the catechism every night, and always made me say my prayers to him before I went to bed. He told me I should go to the wicked

place if I did not fear God, so I am still afraid to tell lies like the other boys. Poor Jemmy gave me a piece of gingerbread every time I learnt well ; but I have no friend now ; Jemmy was good to me, though Mammy did nothing but beat him."

Mr. Stock was too much moved to carry on the discourse, he did not make himself known to the boy, but took him over to the baker's shop ; as they walked along he could not help repeating aloud, a verse or two of that beautiful hymn, so deservedly the favourite of all children,

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more ;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

The little boy looked up in his face saying, " Why Sir, that's the very hymn which Jemmy Stock gave me a penny for learning." Stock made no answer,

but put a couple of three penny loaves into his hand to carry home, and told him to call on him again at such a time in the following week.

How Mr. Stock continued to be charitable without any Expence.

Stock had abundant subject for meditation that night. He was puzzled what to do with the boy. While he was carrying on his trade upon borrowed money he did not think it right to give any part of that money to assist the idle, or even to help the distressed. "I must be just," said he, "before I am generous." Still he could not bear to see this fine boy given up to certain ruin. He did not think it safe to take him into the shop in his present ignorant unprincipled state. At last he hit upon this thought. I work for myself twelve hours in the day. Why shall not I work one hour or two for this boy in the evening? It will be but for a year, and I shall then have more right to do what I please. My money will then be my own, I shall have paid my debts.

So he began to put his resolution in practice that very night, sticking to his old notion of not putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day ; and it was thought he owed much of his success in life, as well as his growth in goodness to this little saying. " I am young and healthy," said he, " one hour's more work will do me no harm ; I will set aside all I get by these over hours, and put the boy to school. I have not only no right to punish this child for the sins of his father, but I consider that though God hated those sins, he has made them instruments for my advancement."

Tommy Williams called at the time appointed. In the mean time Mr. Stock's maid had made him a tidy little suit of clothes out of an old coat of her master's. She had also knit him a pair of stockings, and Mr. Stock made him sit down in the shop, while he himself fitted him with a pair of new shoes. The maid having washed and dressed him, Mr. Stock took him by the hand

and walked along with him to the parish poor-house to find his mother. They found her dressed in ragged filthy finery, standing at the door, where she passed most of her time, quarrelling with half a dozen women as idle and dirty as herself; when she saw Tommy so neat and well dressed, she fell a crying for joy. She said it put her mind of old times, for Tommy always used to be dressed like a gentleman. "So much the worse," said Mr. Stock, "if you had not begun by making him look like a gentleman, you needed not have ended by making him look like a beggar." "Oh Jem," said she, (for though it was four years since she had seen him, she soon recollected him) "fine times for you! set a beggar on horseback—you know the proverb. I shall beat Tommy well for finding you out, and exposing me to you."

Instead of entering into any dispute with this bad woman, or praising himself at her expence; or putting her in mind of her past ill behaviour to him; or reproaching her with the bad use she

had made of her prosperity, he mildly said to her, "Mrs. Williams I am sorry for your misfortunes; I am come to relieve you of part of your burthen. I will take Tommy off your hands. I will give him a years board and schooling, and by that time I shall see what he is fit for. I will promise nothing, but if the boy turns out well I will never forsake him. I shall make but one bargain with you, which is, that he must not come to this place to hear all this railing and swearing, nor shall he keep company with these pilfering idle children. You are welcome to go and see him when you please, but here he must not come.

The foolish woman burst out a crying, saying, "she should lose her poor dear Tommy for ever. Mr. Stock might give *her* the money he intended to pay at the school, for *nobody* could do so well by him as his own mother." The truth was, she wanted to get these new clothes into her clutches, which would all have been pawned at the dram shop before

the week was out. This Mr. Stockwell knew. From crying she fell to scolding and swearing. She told him he was an unnatural wretch, that wanted to make a child despise his own mother because she was poor. She even went so far as to say she would not part from him ; she said she hated your godly people, they had no bowels of compassion, but tried to set men, women, and children against their own flesh and blood.

Mr. Stock now almost lost his patience, and for one moment a thought came across him to strip the boy, carry back his clothes, and leave him to his unpitiful mother. " Why," said he, " should I work over hours, and wear out my strength for this wicked woman ?" But he soon checked this thought, by reflecting on the patience and long suffering of God with rebellious sinners. This curbed his anger in a moment, and he mildly reasoned with her on her folly and blindness in opposing the good of her child.

One of the neighbours who stood by, said, what a fine thing it was for the boy, but some people were born to be lucky ! She wished Mr. Stock would take a fancy to her child, he should have him soon enough. Mrs. Williams now began to be frightened lest Mr. Stock should take the woman at her word, and suddenly consented to let the boy go, from envy and malice, not from prudence and gratitude ; and Tommy was sent to school that very night, his mother crying and roaring instead of thanking God for such a blessing.

And here I cannot forbear telling a very goodnatured thing of Will Simpson, one of the workmen. By-the-by it was that very young fellow who was reformed by Stock's good example when he was an apprentice, and who used to sing Psalms with him on a Sunday evening when they got out of the way of Williams's junketting. Will coming home early one evening, was surprised to find his master at work by himself, long after the usual time. He begged to hear-

tily to know the reason, that Stock owned the truth. Will was so struck with this piece of kindness, that he snatched up a last, crying out, "Well master, you shall not work by yourself however; we will go snacks in maintaining Tommy; it shall never be said that Will Simpson was idling about, when his master was working for charity." This made the hour pass cheerfully and doubled the profits.

In a year or two Mr. Stock, by God's blessing on his labours, became quite clear of the world. He now paid off his creditors; but he never forgot his obligation to them, and found many opportunities of shewing kindness to them, and to their children after them. He now cast about for a proper wife, and as he was thought a prosperous man, and very well looking besides, most of the smart girls of the place, with their tawdry finery, used to be often parading before the shop, and would even go to church in order to put themselves in his way. But Mr. Stock when he went to

Stock church had other things in his head, and if ever he thought about these gay dandies at all, it was with concern at seeing them so improperly tricked out, so that the very means they took to please him, made him dislike them.

There was one Betty West, a young woman of excellent character and very modest appearance. He had seldom seen her out, as she was employed night and day in waiting on an aged widowed mother who was both lame and blind. This good girl was indeed eyes and feet to her helpless parent, and Mr. Stock used to see her through the little casement window lifting her up and feeding her with a tenderness which greatly raised his esteem for her. He used to tell Will Simpson, as they sat at work, that such a dutiful daughter could hardly fail of making a faithful wife. He had not, however, the heart to try to draw her off from her care of her sick mother. The poor woman declined very fast. Betsy was much employed in reading or praying by her while she

was awake, and passed good part of the night while she slept, in doing some fine works to sell in order to supply her sick mother with little niceties which their poor pittance could not afford, while she herself lived on a crust.

Mr. Stock knew that Betsy would have little or nothing after her mother's death, as she had only a life income. On the other hand Mr. Thompson, the Tanner, had offered him 200l. with his daughter Nancy. But he was almost sorry that he had not in this case an opportunity of resisting his natural bias, which rather lay on the side of loving money : " For," said he, " putting principle and putting affection out of the question, I shall do a more prudent thing by marrying Betsy West, who will conform to her station, and is a religious, humble, industrious girl, without a shilling, than by having an idle dressy lass, who will neglect my family and fill my house with company, though she should have twice the for-

“ tune which Nancy Thompson would
“ bring.”

At length poor old Mrs. West was released from all her sufferings. At a proper time Mr. Stock proposed marriage to Betsey, and was accepted. All the disappointed girls in the town wondered what any body could like in such a dowdy as that. Had the man no eyes? They thought Mr. Stock had more taste. Oh! how it did provoke all the vain idle things to find, that staying at home, dressing plainly, serving God, and nursing a blind mother, should do that for Betsey West which all their contrivances, flaunting, and dancing could not do for them.

He was not disappointed of meeting with a good wife in Betsey, as indeed those who marry on right grounds seldom are. But if religious persons will chuse partners for life who have no religion, do not let them complain that they are unhappy; they might have known that beforehand. Tommy Wil.

liams was now taken home to Stock's house and bound apprentice. He was always kind and attentive to his mother; and every penny which Will Simpson or his master gave him for learning a chapter he would save to buy a bit of tea and sugar for her. When the other boys laughed at him for being so foolish as to deny himself cakes and apples to give his money to her who was so bad a woman, he would answer, "it may be so, but she is my mother for all that."

Mr. Stock was much moved at the change in this boy, who turned out a very good youth. He resolved, as God should prosper him, that he would try to snatch other helpless creatures from sin and ruin. "For," said he, "it is owing to God's blessing on the instructions of my good minister when I was a child, that I have been saved from the broad way of destruction." He still gave God the glory of every thing he did aright, and when Will Simpson one day said to him, "Master, I wish I were half as good as you are." "William," answer-

Stock's and he gravely, "I once read in a book, that the Devil is willing enough we should appear to do good actions if he can but make us proud of them."

But we must not forget our old acquaintance, Mr. Stock's fellow 'prentice. So you shall now hear what befel little Jack, who, being a farmer's son, had many advantages to begin life with. But he who wants prudence may be said to want every thing, because he turns all his advantages to no account.

Jack Brown was just out of his time when his master Williams died in that terrible drunken fit at the Greyhound. You know already how Stock succeeded in his master's business, and prospered in it. Jack wished very much to enter into partnership with him. His father and mother too were desirous of it, and offered to advance a hundred pounds with him. Here is a fresh proof of the power of a good character! the old farmer, with all his covetousness, was eager to get his son into partnership with

Stock, though the latter was not worth a shilling, and even his mother, with all her pride was eager for it, for they had sense enough to see it would be the making of Jack. The father knew that Stock would look to the main chance and the mother that he would take the labouring oar, and so her darling would have little to do.

Stock, however, young as he was "was too old a bird to be caught with chaff." His wisdom was an overmatch for their cunning. He had a kindness for Brown, but would on no account enter into business with him. "One of these three things," said he, "I am sure of if I do; he will either hurt my principles, my character, or my trade; perhaps all." And here, by-the-by, let me drop a hint to other young men who are about to enter into partnership. Let them not do that in haste which they may repent at leisure. Next to marriage it is a tie the hardest to break; and next to that it is an engagement which ought to be entered into with the utmost caution.

Many things go to the making such a connection suitable, safe, and pleasant. There is many a top man need not be above taking a hint in this respect from James Stock the Shoemaker.

Brown was still unwilling to leave him, indeed he was too idle to look out for business, so he offered Stock to work with him as a journeyman; but this he also mildly refused. It hurt his good nature to do so; but he reflected that a young man who has his way to make in the world must not only be good natured, he must be prudent also. "I am resolved" said he "to employ none but the most sober regular young men I can get. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and I should be answerable for all the disorders of my own house if I knowingly took a wild drinking young fellow into it. "That which might be kindness to one, would be injustice to many, and therefore a sin in myself."

Brown's mother was in a great rage when she heard that her son had stooped so low as to make this offer. She thought pride was a grand thing. Poor woman! She did not know that it was the meanest thing in the world. It was her ignorance which made her proud, as is apt to be the case. "You mean spirited rascal," said she to Jack, "I had rather follow you to your grave, as well as I love you, than see you disgrace your family by working under Jem Stock the parish 'prentice." She forgot already what pains she had taken about the partnership, but pride and passion have a bad memory.

It is hard to say which was now uppermost in her mind, her desire to be revenged on Stock, or to see her son make a figure. She raised every shilling she could get from her husband, and all she could crib from the dairy to set up Jack in a showy way. So the very next market day she came herself, and took for him the new white house, with the two little sash windows painted blue,

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and blue posts before the door. It is
 that house which has the old cross just
 before it, as you turn down between the
 church and the greyhound. It's being
 so near the church to be sure was no re-
 commendation to Jack, but it's being
 so near the greyhound was, and so tak-
 ing one thing with the other it was to
 be sure no bad situation; but what weigh-
 ed most with the mother was, that it was
 a much more showy shop than Stock's,
 and the house, though not half so con-
 venient, was far more smart.

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In order to draw custom, his foolish
 mother advised him to undersell his
 neighbours just at first; to buy ordinary
 but showy goods, and employ cheap
 workmen. In short, she charged him to
 leave no stone unturned to ruin his old
 comrade Stock. Indeed she always
 thought with double satisfaction of Jack's
 prosperity, because she always joined to
 it the hope that his success would be the
 ruin of Stock, for she owned it would be
 the joy of her heart to bring that
 proud upstart to a morsel of bread. She

did not understand for her part, why such beggars must become tradesmen, it was "making a velvet purse of a sow's ear."

Stock however set out on quite another set of principles. He did not allow himself always to square his own behaviour to others by their's to him. He seldom asked himself what he should *like* to do; but he had a mighty way of saying, "I wonder now what is my duty to do? And when he was once clear in that matter he generally did it. So instead of setting Brown at defiance; instead of all that vulgar selfishness, of "catch he that catch can"—and "two of a trade can never agree," he resolved to be friendly towards him. Instead of joining in the laugh against him for making his house so fine, he was sorry for him, because he feared he would never be able to pay such a rent. So he very kindly called upon him, told him there was business enough for them both, and gave him many useful hints for his going on. He warned him to go oftner to

church and the feldomer to the Grey-
 ound : Put him in mind how the fol-
 lowing the one and forsaking the other
 had been the ruin of their poor master,
 and added the following

Advice to young tradesmen.

Buy the best goods, cut the work out
 yourself : let the eye of the master be
 every where ; employ the soberest men ;
 avoid all the low deceits of trade ; never
 lower the credit of another to raise your
 own ; make short payments, keep exact
 accounts ; avoid idle company, and be
 very strict to your word.

For a short time things went on swim-
 mingly. Brown was merry and civil.
 The shop was well situated for gossip ; and
 every one who had something to say and
 nothing to do was welcome. Every idle

stery was first spread, and every idle song first sung in Brown's shop. Every customer who came to be measured was promised that his shoes should be done first. But the misfortune was, if twenty came in a day the same promise was made to all ; so that nineteen were disappointed and of course affronted. He never said *no* to any one. It is indeed a word which it requires some honesty to pronounce. By all these false promises he was thought the most obliging fellow that ever made a shoe. And as he set out on the principle of underselling, people took a mighty fancy to the cheap Shop. And it was agreed among all the young and giddy, that he would beat Stock hollow, and that the old shop would be soon knocked up.

All is not gold that glistens.

After a few months however folks began to be not quite so fond of the cheap

shop; one found out that the leather was bad, another that the work was slight. Those who liked substantial goods went all of them to stock's for they said Brown's heel taps did not last a week; his new boots let in water, and they believed he made his soles of brown paper. Besides it was thought by most that his promising all, and keeping his word with none, hurt his business as much as any thing. Indeed I question if lying ever answers in the long run.

Brown had what is commonly called a *good heart*; that is, he had a thoughtless good-nature, and a sort of feeling for the moment which made him seem sorry when others were in trouble. But he was not apt to put himself to any inconvenience, nor go a step out of his way, nor give up any pleasure to serve the best friend he had. He loved *fun*; and those who do should always see that it be harmless, and that they do not give up more for it than it is worth, I am not going to say a word against merriment. I like it myself. But what the proverb

says of gold, may be said of mirth, " it might be bought too dear." If a young man finds that what he fancies is a good joke may possibly offend God, hurt his neighbour, afflict his parent, or make a modest girl blush, let him then be assured it is not fun but wickedness, and he had better let it alone.

Jack Brown then, as good a heart as he had, did not know what it was to deny himself any thing. He was so good-natured indeed that he never in his life refused to make one of a jolly set; but he was not good-natured enough to consider that those men, whom he kept up all night roaring and laughing had wives and children at home, who had little to eat, and less to wear, because they were keeping up the character of merry fellows at the public house.

THE MOUNTBANK.

One day he saw his father's plow-boy come galloping up to his door in great

haste. He brought Brown word that his mother was dangerously ill, and that his father had sent his own best bay mare Smiler that his son might lose no time, but set off directly to see his mother before she died. Jack burst into tears, lamented the danger of so fond a mother, and all the people in the shop extolled his *good heart*.

He sent back the boy directly, with a message that he would follow him in half an hour, as soon as the mare had baited; for he well knew that his father would not thank him for any haste he might make if Smiler was hurt.

Jack accordingly set off, and rode with such speed to the next town, that both himself and Smiler had a mind to another bait. They stopped at the Star, unluckily it was Fair day, and as he was walking about while Smiler was eating her oats, a bill was put into his hand setting forth, that on a stage opposite the Globe Mountebank was showing away, and his Andrew performing the finest tricks

that ever were seen. He read—he stood still—he went on—“It will not hinder me,” says he; “Smiler must rest, and I shall see my poor dear mother just as soon if I just take a peep, as if I sit moping at the Star.”

(To be continued.)